

A Fable

Murray Barnes

Once upon a time, before all stories began with “once upon a time” or “it was a dark and stormy night”, it was a dark and stormy night and a man woke up in a cold sweat, which he thought was odd, as he’d gone to sleep in a bed.

He realised he must be dreaming, as beds do not often transform into cold sweats during waking hours, and to test if he was asleep or not, he asked the burglar to pinch him, which he obliged to do, putting the man in the van with the freshly stolen bed. The burglar had been a bit rough with the pinching, and it hurt the man who realised he must be awake.

“My,” he said to himself. “Shut up,” he replied. He shut up, the engine started, the engine spluttered, the engine stalled, the burglar swore, the engine coughed, the engine started, the van moved forward, the van hit a lamppost, the burglar swore.

“Bugger,” he said. “Bugger me silly.”

“OK,” said the man, who buggered him silly. The man and the burglar fell in love and sailed to Amsterdam on the man’s bed, where they got married, stoned and jobs as window cleaners, then they died of AIDS.

Moral: Never let Murray write when he’s bored in chemistry